THE [*Numb.* 768.]

MARYLAND GAZETTE,

Containing the freſheſt Advices foreign and domeſtic.

THURSDAY, *January* 24, 1760.

MOST People complain of Fortune; few of Nature: And the kinder they think the latter has been to them, the more they murmur at what they call the Injuſtice of the former.

Why have not I the Riches, the Rank, the Power of ſuch and ſuch, is the common Expoſtulation with Fortune: But why have not I the Merit, the Talents, the Wit, or the Beauty of ſuch and ſuch others, is a Reproach rarely or never made to Nature.

The Truth is, that Nature, ſeldom profuſe, and ſeldom niggardly, has diſtributed her Gifts more equally than ſhe is generally ſuppoſed to have done. Education and Situations make the great Difference. Culture improves, and occaſions elicit natural Talents. I make no Doubt but that there are potentially (if I may uſe that pedantic Word) many Bacons, Lockes, Newtons, Cæſars, Cromwells and Marlboroughs, at the Plough-Tail, behind Counters, and, perhaps, even among the Nobility; but the Soil muſt be cultivated, and the Seaſons favourable, for the Fruit to have all its Spirit and Flavour.

If ſometimes our common Parent has been a little partial, and not kept the Scales quite even; if one preponderates too much, we throw into the lighter a due Counterpoiſe of Vanity, which never fails to ſet all right. Hence it happens, that hardly any one Man would, without Reſerve, and in every particular, change with any other.

Though all are thus ſatisfied with the Diſpenſations of Nature, how few liſten to her Voice? How few follow her as their Guide? In vain ſhe points out to us the plain and direct Way to Truth; Vanity, Fancy, Affectation and Faſhion, aſſume her Shape, and wind us through Fairy-Ground to Folly and Error.

Theſe Deviations from Nature are often attended by ſerious Conſequences, and always by ridiculous Ones: For there is nothing truer than the trite Obſervation, "That People are never Ridi-"culous for being what they really are, but for "affecting to appear what they really are not." Affectation is the only Source, and at the ſame Time, the only juſtifiable Object of Ridicule. No Man whatſoever, be his Pretenſions what they will, has a natural Right to be ridiculous: It is an acquired Right, and not to be acquired without ſome Induſtry: Which perhaps is the Reaſon why ſo many People are ſo jealous, and tenacious of it.

Even ſome People's VICES are not their own, but affected and adopted (tho' at the ſame Time unenjoyed) in Hopes of ſhining in thoſe faſhionable Societies, where the Reputation of certain Vices gives Luſtre. In theſe Caſes, the Execution is commonly as awkward, as the Deſign is abſurd; and the Ridicule equals the Guilt.

This calls to my Mind a Thing that really happened not many Years ago. A young Fellow of ſome Rank and Fortune, juſt let looſe from the Univerſity, reſolved, in order to make a Figure in the World, to aſſume the ſhining Character of, what he called, a Rake. By Way of Learning the Rudiments of his intended Profeſſion, he frequented the Theatres, where he was often drunk, and always noiſy. Being one Night at the Repreſentation of that moſt abſurd Play, the *Libertine deſtroyed*, he was ſo charmed with the Proſligacy of the Hero of the Piece, that to the Edification of the Audience, he ſwore many Oaths that he would be the Libertine *deſtroyed*. A diſcreet Friend of his who ſat by him, kindly repreſented to him, that to be the *Libertine* was a laudable Deſign, which he greatly approved of; but that to be the Libertine *deſtroyed*, ſeemed to him an unneceſſary Part of his Plan, and rather raſh. He perſiſted, however, in his firſt Reſolution, and inſiſted upon being the Libertine, and *deſtroyed*. Probably he was ſo; at leaſt the Preſumption is in his Favour. There are, I am perſuaded, ſo many Caſes of this Nature, that for my own Part, I would deſire no greater Step towards the Reformation of Manners for the next twenty Years, than that People ſhould have no Vices but *their own*.

The Blockhead who affects Wiſdom, becauſe Nature has given him Dulneſs, becomes ridiculous only by his adopted Character; whereas he might have ſtagnated unobſerved in his native Mud, or perhaps have engroſſed Deeds, collected Shells, and ſtudied Heraldry, or Logic, with ſome Succeſs.

The ſhining Coxcomb aims at all, and decides finally upon every Thing, becauſe Nature has given him Pertneſs. The Degree of Parts, and animal Spirits, neceſſary to conſtitute that Character, if properly applied, might have made him uſeful in many Parts of Life; but his Affectation and Preſumption make him uſeleſs in moſt, and ridiculous in all.

The ſeptuagenary fine Gentleman might, probably, from his long Experience and Knowledge of the World, be eſteemed and reſpected in the ſeveral Relations of domeſtic Life, which, at his Age, Nature points out to him: But he will moſt ridiculouſly ſpin out the rotten Thread of his former Gallantries. He dreſſes, languiſhes, ogles, as he did at Five and Twenty; and modeſtly intimates that he is not without a *bonne Fortune*; which *bonne Fortune* at laſt appears to be the Proſtitute he had long kept (not to himſelf) whom he marries and owns, becauſe *the poor Girl was ſo fond of him, and ſo deſirous to be made an honeſt Woman.*

The ſexagenary Widow remembers that ſhe was handſome, but forgets that it was thirty Years ago, and thinks herſelf ſo, or, at leaſt, very *likeable* ſtill. The pardonable Affectations of her Youth and Beauty, unpardonably continue, increaſe even with her Years, and are doubly exerted, in hopes of concealing the Number. All the gawdy glittering Parts of Dreſs, which rather degraded than adorned her Beauty in its Bloom, now expoſe to the higheſt and the juſteſt Ridicule, her ſhrivelled or her overgrown Carcaſe. She totters or ſweats under the Load of her Jewels, Embroideries and Brocades, which, like ſo many Egyptian Hieroglyphics, ſerve only to authenticate the venerable Antiquity of her auguſt Mummy. Her Eyes dimly twinkle Tenderneſs, or leer Deſire: Their Language, however inelegant, is intelligible; and the Half-pay Captain underſtands it. He addreſſes his Vows to her Vanity, which aſſures her they are ſincere. She pities him, and prefers him to Credit, Decency, and every ſocial Duty. He tenderly prefers Her (though not without ſome Heſitation) to a Jail.

Self-love, kept within due Bounds, is a natural and uſeful Sentiment. It is, in Truth, ſocial Love too, as Mr. Pope has very juſtly obſerved: It is the Spring of many good Actions, and of no ridiculous Ones. But Self-flattery is only the Ape or Caricatura of Self-love, and reſembles it no more than is abſolutely neceſſary to heighten the Ridicule. Like other Flattery, it is the moſt profuſely beſtowed, and greedily ſwallowed, where it is the leaſt deſerved. I will conclude this Subject, with the Subſtance of a Fable of the ingenious Monſieur De La Motte, which ſeems not unapplicable to it.

Jupiter made a Lottery in Heaven, in which Mortals, as well as Gods, were allowed to have Tickets. The Prize was Wiſdom; and Minerva got it. The Mortals murmured, and accuſed the Gods of foul Play. Jupiter, to wipe off this Aſperſion, declared another Lottery, for Mortals ſingly and excluſively of the Gods. The Prize was Folly. They got it, and ſhared it among themſelves. All were ſatisfied. The Loſs of Wiſdom was neither regretted nor remembered; Folly ſupplied its Place, and thoſe who had the largeſt Share of it, thought themſelves the wiſeſt.

[*The* WORLD, N° 120.]

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I HAVE been betrayed and ruined by the baſeſt of Mankind. My Father was a Merchant of conſiderable Note in this Town; but by unavoidable Loſſes and Misfortunes, he died two Years ago, broken-hearted and inſolvent. I was his only Child, and the Delight of his Life. My Education, my Dreſs and Manner of Living were ſuch as would hardly have diſcredited a young Woman of Faſhion. Alas! the dear Parent, to whoſe Fondneſs I was indebted for every Advantage and Enjoyment, intended to have given me a conſiderable Fortune; but he died as I have told you, and has left me to lament that I was not a Beggar from my Cradle.

I was ignorant of his Circumſtances, and therefore felt not my Misfortune in its full Force till a Month after his Death: At which Time his Creditors entered upon his Houſe, ſold all his Furniture and Effects, and left me nothing but my Clothes and Trinkets, which they had no Right to take from me.

In the Days of my Proſperity I had a Maid Servant, of whom I was extremely fond; and to whom upon her Marriage with a reputable Tradeſman, I gave a little Portion of Fifty Pounds, which were left me by a Relation. This young Woman was lately become a Widow; and being left in but indifferent Circumſtances, ſhe hired a large Houſe near the Exchange, and let Lodgings for her Support. It was to this Woman that I flew for Shelter; being no more than eighteen Years of Age, and, as my Father uſed often to tell me, too handſome to have Friends.

I do not mention this Circumſtance, indeed I do not, as any Thing to be vain of: Heaven knows that I am humbled by it to the very Duſt: I only introduced it as the beſt Excuſe I could think of for the Unkindneſs of my Acquaintance.

I was received by this favourite Servant with great Appearance of Gratitude and Eſteem. She ſeemed to pity my Misfortunes, and to take every Opportunity of comforting and obliging me.

Among the Gentlemen who lodged at her Houſe, there was one whom ſhe uſed to talk of with great Pleaſure. One Day, after I had lived with her about a Week, ſhe told me that this Gentleman had a great Inclination to be known to me, and that if I had no Objection to Company, he would drink Tea with us that Afternoon. She had hardly done ſpeaking, when the Gentleman entered the Room. I was angry in my Heart at this Freedom; but his genteel Appearance and Behaviour ſoon got the better of my Reſentment, and made me liſten to his Converſation with more than common Attention. To be as ſhort as I can, this firſt Viſit made me deſirous of a ſecond, that ſecond of a third, and the third of a thouſand more; all of which he ſeemed as eager to pay as I was willing to receive.

The Houſe was ſo crowded with Lodgers, that the Miſtreſs of it had only one Parlour for herſelf and me; and as ſhe had almoſt conſtant Employment at home, my Lover had very few Opportunities of entertaining me alone. But the Preſence of a third Perſon did not hinder him from declaring the moſt tender and unalterable Love for me, nor did it awe me from diſcovering how pleaſed and happy I was at the Conqueſt I had made.

In this delightful Situation near a Twelvemonth paſſed away; during which Time he would often lament his Dependence upon an old Uncle, who, he ſaid, would moſt aſſuredly diſinherit him, if he married a Woman without a Fortune.

I wanted no better Reaſon for this Delay; and was waiting for an Event which promiſed me the Poſſeſſion of all I wiſhed for, when my Happineſs was interrupted by the moſt villainous Contrivance that ever was heard of.

I had

I had walked out one Morning to buy some Shades of Silk, in order to finish the Covering of a Settee which I was working for my Benefactress; and was returning home through a By-Court, when to my inexpressible Surprize, I found myself stopt by two Men, who producing what they called a Writ against me, hurried me into a Coach, and conveyed me, half dead with Terror, to a wretched House whose Windows were guarded with Iron Bars.

As soon as I had Power to speak, I desired to know by whom and for what Crime I was thus cruelly insulted. They shewed me without Hesitation their Authority; by which it appeared that the Woman with whom I lived had ordered me to be arrested for a Debt of Thirty Pounds, which she had sworn I owed her for Board and Lodgings. *It is impossible!* cried I; *she cannot have served me so! There must be some Mistake in this! Send for her this Moment! I am sure it is a Mistake! Very possible, Madam,* answered one of the Fellows with a Smile; *but if you would take my Advice, it should be to send for a Gentleman instead of the Plaintiff. A young Lady like you, Madam, need not stay here for a Debt of Thirty Pounds. Go where I send you, Sir,* said I; *tell her what has happened, and bid her hasten to me, if she would save my Life.* The Fellow shook his Head as he went out, but promised to do as I directed. His Companion asked me what I pleased to call for, and explained his Meaning by telling me I was in a public House. I bid him call for what he liked, and charge it to me; he thanked me very civilly, and locking the Door after him, left me to myself.

I had now a little Leisure to reflect upon this Adventure; but the more I thought of it, the greater was my Perplexity. I remained in this uncomfortable Suspence for near an Hour, when I heard the Door open with Precipitation, and saw my Lover enter the Room with an Astonishment not to be imagined. *Good God!* said he, snatching me to his Arms, *is this an Apartment for my Charmer?—That inhuman Woman!*——*What Woman?* said I, interrupting him; *can it be possible?*——*She owns it herself,* answered he; *this professing Friend, this grateful Servant, owns that she has arrested you.* I was ready to faint at what I heard; but recovering myself as well as I could, I enquired into the Motive of this Woman's Cruelty. *Her Motive,* he replied, *was Avarice; I had some Words with her two Days ago, and threatened her in Jest that I would leave her Lodgings. She thought me in earnest; and believing I was soon to marry the Angel whom I doated on, she determined to make what Money she could of me, by arresting my sweet Girl. She was not mistaken when she guessed with what Haste I should discharge the Debt. Here, Sir,* continued he, turning to the Bailiff, *is the full Sum, and a Gratuity for yourself. Come, Madam, let us change this detested Place, for Apartments more worthy of you.*

The Coach that brought him to my Prison was at the Door. He immediately put me into it, and conducted me to a Lace-Shop upon Ludgate-Hill. I remained in the Coach while he stept into the Shop, and continued for a Minute or two in Conversation with the Mistress of it; when returning to me with great Chearfulness, he gave me Joy of his Success, and handed me up Stairs into pleasant and convenient Apartments. The exact Order in which I found every Thing in these Apartments put me upon observing that the Owner of them was a Prophetess, and knew that I should have Need of them that very Morning. My Lover made no Answer to my Remark, but straining me to his Arms, and almost pressing me to Death, he called them my bridal Apartments, and bid me welcome to them as such. He then went down to order Dinner, and a Bottle of Champaign from the Tavern, and returned to me with so much Love and Joy in his Looks, that I was charmed with him beyond Expression. When Dinner was removed, and the Servant who attended us withdrawn, he said and looked so many fond and endearing Things, and mingled such Caresses with his Words and Looks; forcing upon me at the same Time three or four Glasses of a Wine I was not used to, that my Heart, warm as it was before with Love and Gratitude, consented to his Desires, and in one fatal Moment betrayed me to a Villain.

I lived in this guilty Commerce till the Effects of it made me apprehensive of becoming a Mother in a few Weeks. I had often pressed him for the Performance of his Promises, and was now resolved to be more particularly urgent with him upon that Subject; but instead of listening to me as I hoped he would, he called hastily for his Sword, and took Leave of me till the Evening.

I expected his Return with the utmost Impatience. The Evening came; another, and another after that; but I neither saw him nor heard from him. Upon the 4th Day of his leaving me, I received a Visit from the Mistress of the House, who, to my great Astonishment, addressed me in these Words. *I thought, Madam, at your Entrance into this House, that you were a married Woman. The Lady who hired the Lodgings for you two Days before, gave me Assurance that you were married.*——*What Lady?* cried I. *You amaze me! I heard not of these Lodgings till I had taken Possession of them. Be quick and tell me who was this Lady? Alas!* answered my Visitor, *I knew not till this Morning that you were fallen into the Snares of the worst of Women, and the most artful of Man.* She saw my Amazement; but desiring my Attention, proceeded thus. *As for the Gentleman (if he deserves the Name of one) you will never see him more! How, Madam! never see him more!* interrupted I—My Voice failed me as I uttered these Words; and leaning backwards in my Chair, I fainted away. She recovered me from my Swoon, and then went on. *He has just now sent his Servant to discharge the Lodgings; of whom when I enquired how you were to be taken Care of in your approaching Hour, his Answer was, that he had no Commission to speak to such Questions. Pray, Madam,* continued she, *is it true that you were arrested in the Street the Morning of your Entrance into these Lodgings?* I told her yes. *The Servant then is honest,* she replied. *He has given me your whole History. The Contrivers of that Arrest were the Woman where you lodged, and the Villain whom you trusted. Their Design was to fling you entirely into his Power, that he might use it to your Destruction. But do not Despair, Madam,* added she, seeing me in the utmost Affliction; *all Women are not Monsters. I have Compassion upon your Youth, and will assist you in your Distresses. These Apartments are yours, till you desire to resign them: Nor shall any Thing be wanting that your Situation shall require, or that a Lady in happier Circumstances would wish to be provided with. And hereafter, if you shall chuse to continue with me, and assist me in my Business, I will look upon you as my Daughter, and forget every Thing that has befallen you.*

Oppressed as I was with Grief and Shame, my Heart bounded at this Proposal. I fell upon the Neck of my Benefactress, and bedewed it with my Tears; telling her, as well as those Tears would permit me, that I was bound to her forever, and would wish for no other Happiness than to serve and please her.

Three Months are past since I have been the Mother of a sweet Boy. In all which Time I have never seen (and I pray heartily that I may never see) his inhuman Father. The generous Woman, who supports me, is even kinder to me than her Promise. She pays herself, she says, in the comfortable Thought, that she has been an Instrument in the Hand of Heaven to save me from Destruction. She told me Yesterday, that the Stratagem by which this Monster got me into his Power, with every Particular of his Behaviour to me before and after it, is his favourite Subject in all Companies. To deprive him therefore of his principal Pleasure, I have thought proper to take the Story out of his Hands, by telling it myself. I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

AMANDA.

[*The* WORLD, N° 52.]

ANNAPOLIS, *January* 24.

There is yet so much Ice in the Bay, that we have had no Communication with the Eastern Shore, notwithstanding some warm Rains we have had since our last.

We have received no Mail from the Northward since the last of *December*.

WANTED,

AN active healthy NEGRO WOMAN, that can Cook, Wash, and Iron. If she has had the Small-Pox, and don't Breed, she will be the better liked. 1

LIKEWISE WANTED,

A NEGRO BOY about 12 or 14 Years of Age.

They are for a Gentleman in *Philadelphia*.

None will be taken but what can be well Recommended.

Apply to the Subscriber at *Upper-Marlborough*.

STEPHEN WEST.

To be SOLD by PUBLIC VENDUE,

On Wednesday the second Day of April *next, at the House of* James Cary, *in* Baltimore-Town,

A Very good new WATER-MILL, about 16 Miles from the Town, Standing on the main Waggon Road leading from thence to *Frederick-Town*, well known to be one of the best Mills in the County, having a constant Supply of Water, and sufficient to supply two or three more Mills, if wanted. It has a great deal of Custom for Country Work, and stands in a convenient Place for purchasing large Quantities of Wheat, and a fit Place for any sort of Trade.

Any Person inclinable to purchase, may view the said Mill, and Premisses, before the Sale. There is a piece of good Meadow Ground to the Mill; the Land legally condemn'd, and purchas'd by a good Deed. 1 m 10 f EDWARD PONTANY.

5

THERE is at the Plantation of *Francis Chew*, near *West-River*, taken up as a Stray, a Dark Bay Mare, without any perceivable Brand; she is about 7 or 8 Years old, about 10 or 12 Hands high, and paces and trots.

The Owner may have her again, on proving his Property, and paying Charges. 1 m 5 f.

To be SOLD by PUBLIC VENDUE,

On Monday the 28th of this Instant January, *at the House late the Sign of the* Ship, *in* South-East-Street *in* Annapolis, *where the late Mrs.* Marriott *formerly kept Tavern (for Ready Money, or Credit, on good Security if required) pursuant to the Last Will of the said Mrs.* Marriott,

PART of a LEGACY to her Grandaughter, since Deceased, consisting of NEGROES, Plate, some very good Feather-Beds with Furniture, large Looking-Glasses, Chairs, Table Cloths, Sheets, Towels, and other House Linen, Pewter, Brass, Iron, and other Kitchen Furniture, &c. &c.

by ½ HENRY HALL, Administrator to the Estate of Major *Henry Hall*, Deceased, who was Executor to Mrs. *Marriott*.

N. B. The Sale to begin at One o'Clock.

THE Subscriber intending for *London* next Spring, and having a Quantity of *European* and *India* GOODS upon Hand, will Sell at a Hundred *per Centum* on the prime Cost, or the Whole at Twenty-five *per Cent*; good old Rum at 8 *s. per* Gallon, *Muscovado* Sugar, &c.

He likewise makes Anchors of various Sizes, and all Sorts of Smith's Work.

He also has a compleat Sail-maker lately from *London*, who makes Sloops, Schooners, and Boats Sails, in a different Manner from what has been done heretofore, and tho' he takes one third less Canvas, yet they will hold the same Wind, and give the Vessel more Way: Ships Square Sails are made in the usual Manner; but the Angle or Goring Sails in a quite different Way from that now in Practice. 1

Ready Money or Goods, for Hog-Meat and *Indian* Corn.

WILLIAM ROBERTS.

THE several Gentlemen that signed a Letter of Licence to *William Dixon*, School-master, in the Year 1755, are desired to meet at the House of Mrs. *Sarah Ramsay*, at the Head of *Severn*, on Tuesday the 19th of *February*, by XI o'Clock, if fair; if not, on the next fair Day; with their several Demands, to receive their Proportion of his Wages from Mr. *Philip Hammond*. 3

NATHAN HAMMOND, junior, Administrator of Mr. *John Raitt*.

THOMAS HYDE,

SHOEMAKER in ANNAPOLIS,

HAS removed to his Shop over against Mr. *James Dick*'s Store, and next above Mr. *Nicholas Maccubbin*'s, in *Church-Street*, where any Gentlemen, or Others, may be reasonably furnished with Boots, Shoes, and Spatterdashes, made in the neatest Manner, and of the best Leather. x 4

He likewise sells good Sole and Upper Leather: And as he carries on the Business of Tanning and Currying, he purchases any Quantities of either Green or Dried Hides.

BROKE out of *Baltimore* Goal, on Thursday the 13th of *December* last, a certain *George Street*, who last Year came into *Patapsco* Boatswain of Captain *Craymer*, and was, by a special Court held at *Joppa*, condemn'd for the Murder of one of the Ship's Crew. He is a short strong made Fellow, about 5 Feet 5 Inches high, and about 30 Years of Age, of a brown Complexion, and mark'd with the Small-Pox. His Dress can't be particularly described, he having several Changes of Apparel with him. Whoever apprehends the said Prisoner, and brings him to the Subscriber, shall have TEN PISTOLES Reward, paid by x 4

R. BOYCE.

Bladensburg, December 12, 1759.

LAST Summer, a Letter from *James Tilghman*, Esq; for me, was given to some Person to deliver to the Honourable *Daniel Dulany*, Esq; to whose Hands it never came. It covers Papers of some Consequence; therefore, to encourage the Person who finds it to be careful, I will give Twenty Shillings Reward upon the Delivery of the Letter to me. 5

RICHARD HENDERSON.

To be SOLD by the Commissioners of the Paper Currency, at PUBLIC VENDUE, on Wednesday the 12th of March *next, being the second Day of* Anne-Arundel *County Court, at Two o'Clock in the Afternoon, at the House of* William Reynolds, *in the City of* Annapolis, *for Paper Currency*, 8

THE following Tracts of LAND, lying in the County aforesaid, *viz.*

Hazard, containing 60 Acres.

Hood's Hall, 100 Acres.

Part of *Ben's Luck*, 25 Acres. And,

Part of *Freeborn's Progress*, 130 Acres.

Also, Three Lots of Land lying in the *New-Town* of the said City, with a Brick House, with two Chimneys standing thereon, on the South-West Side of *Scotts-Street*, late the Estate of *William Cumming*, deceased.

ANNAPOLIS: Printed by JONAS GREEN, and WILLIAM RIND, at the PRINTING-OFFICE, the Sign of the BIBLE, in *Charles-street*; where all Persons may be supplied with this *GAZETTE*, at 12*s.* 6*d. per* Year. ADVERTISEMENTS of a moderate Length are taken in and inserted for Five Shillings the first Week, and One Shilling each Week after, and in Proportion for long Ones.